THE POPHAMS AT BAR HARBOR

"He's been lookin' dreadful peeked ever since last Christmas, and I just made up my mind we'd get him off for a rest this summer. He am't been a bit like himself, and the doctor says he just needs a change."

"Of course! Certainly! The best thing in the world"

"Maine's his native State, and so we hit on Far Harbor, though Mr. Popham says 16 dicin't exist in his day." "Of course not."

"It ought to be a real good change from New York-well, we don't exactly live in New York; we live in Boonton, N. J., but It's the same thing." "Yes, indeed."

"And I thought we might as well give the shildren a little taste of fashion while we were about it."

"I'm sure that was a very natural feel-

There was a pause for a minute, and Mrs. Popham, swaying backward and forward In a Shaker rocking chair, looked down the long vista of the piazza of the North Side flotel and seemed to see before her the superior social opportunities that she had affered to her offspring. It was rather a warm afternoon, and having felt that the exigencies of a fashionable watering place required her to wear her best black silk, trimmed with black velvet, she was a good deal oppressed by the temperature. She fanned herself incessantly with a large paim-leaf and looked somewhat red in the

Lucy Gingham, the person with whom she was talking, and who purred such acquiescent replies, was, on the other hand, the mirably cool. Lucy were a pale-tinted gown of some diaptanous fabric, and even left the need of a soft silk shawl, of becomnag bue, which she had wound about her shoulders in aesthetic folds. Lucy was a maiden who had spent many, a great many, seasons on the piazzas of summer hotels. She owned (frankly) to the age of exactly twenty-two years, four mohths and sixteen days, dressed her hair in a kittenish style, valled her gowns "frocks," and was continnally alluding to her chaperon, a timid maiden aunt, whom she now and then dragged out of retired cormers and presented with estentation. There had been those who had binted, not without marice, that Lucy would make no poor hand at taking care of herself, should fate deprive her of the decorous protection of her mother's sister. Lucy was certainly not a fool. She knew a number of things, some of them unpleasantly trne. She did not, for instance, like simple Mary Popham, delude herself into believing that she had penetrated into the very dint of registering her name as an inmate of a miscellaneously crowded hotel. No. She had long ago-how long ago we are straid to say-cast aside illusions and had begun to look at life with a clear eye. She had got down to hard pan, to use a vulgar expression, and she now proceeded to act with all the advantage that one derives from so secure a basis. "Mr. Popham," Lucy cooed on, "is con-

"Why, no," said Mrs. Popham "the fact Popham ain't come at all yet. He got detained at the last minute by some business, and so we just come on shead, my son Wiltie and Posey and me. You don't know my son Willie, do you? Why, I declare it seems as if I'd known you always and we never thet till this morning! Willie, I want to make you acquainted with Miss Gingham. A hammock swaying across the nearest corner of the plazza writhed convulsively and ejected an object which presented itwelf at this summons. The object appeared at the first glance to be all collar and cuit; at had a face with the usual complement of features, but that was the last thing that one noticed about it. It seemed to have retired behind a great deal of stiff linen. and to have no more individuality than a hard-shell crab. It measured just five feet three in its boots, and it had recently celebrated its nineteenth birthday. It had a habit of pulling at its upper lip before replying to questions of importance. Perhaps the faturty of its replies might have been pardoned it if one had considbeing a two-legged animal without feathers, he was what in latter days may be very well described as a booby.

leels the effect of the journey and the heat."

Before this engaging apparition Lucy Gingham suddenly glowed into brilliant vivacity. She laughed, she chattered, she rattled her fan and rolled her eyes. She called Willie Mr. "Popham" with an accent that was sweet and unfamiliar in his ears, and which made his mother stare a little. Lucy was all naivete and girlish Ignorance. She appealed to William's superior masculine intelligence. She made a dozen errors, and confessed with nervous giggles that she knew nothing-absointely nothing. She begged the young man to enlighten her on a variety of subjects. She listened with flattering intensity while he

At the end of half an hour in this genial atmosphere Willie had bloomed, if not exsetly into a man, at least into an humble apology for one, and we must remembe. that during the summer season by the sea the apology is graciously accepted. When der way, the young man's education, she carried him off in triumph. She led him several times up and down the long piazza, and exhibited him in full view of a numerone and principally feminine company, and at last she vanished with him into the mazes of the hotel garden.

Mrs. Popham, vaguely surprised at this metamorphosis of her oldest son, which had taken place, she knew not how, before her very eyes, watched his receding figure mouth upon her last remark. She felt dimly that her boy had entered apon a new and important epoch in his existence. it was Willie's first season, and is not the debut of a young and inexperienced child ever of tender interest to the maternal kind given to feeding upon itself. No. She generally let the inquiring organ out to pasture, so to speak. And Miss Gingham had no sooner whisked Willie out of sight than Willie's mother began to look about with the human intention of profiting by another "social opportunity." Having secured the attention of a pair of ears, she began to ramble on again about Popham.

"My husband's completely run down," she said. "It's all on his account that we came away. Why, he's as thin as a shad! He's completely overdone himself-that's what I tell him. He hasn't got a speck of appetite. And as I say-throw patent medicines away and take a rest! My! We had a time tryin' to get him off! Maine's his native State, and so we hit on Bar Harbur, 'etc., etc., etc.

This time the listener was less sympathetic than Lucy Gingham, and she contented herself with a dry "Indeed!" now and then by wav of reply. But honest Mary Popham, full of recent encouragement, talked steadily on, rocking a soothing accompaniment to her monologue. Mrs. Peck, the person to whom she addressed herself, although apparently unreceptive, in reality absorbed not only the matter but the manner of Mrs. Popham's relation, and having a talent for mimicry and a reputation of being amusing which she felt obliged to sustain, she rehearsed the whole conversation to a friend, who, in crochet work to an acquaintance, and before nightfall Mary Popham was a celebrity. Two or three people made bold on the following morning to inquire with waggish intent after Mr. Popham's health. To each@and all Mrs. Popham explained with perfect good humor: "Well, he hasn't come jet, but I expect

him on the evening train.' And if pressed further, she evinced a perfeet readmess to discusse her husband's case. The question "How's Pophamf" bid fair to supplant certain other popular and tocose catch-words of the season; and interest rose so high at last that, when the omnibus arrived from the evening train, an unusually large number of people had assembled to witness the appearance of important position. She even had a dress the invalid whose reputation had preceded him, When there 18sued from the conveyance only two women and a dog, there was quite an audibie sigh of disappointment and a general falling of anticipative faces. Mrs. Peck, who had secured a front place in the expectant Mrs. Popham, flushed with the heat of the | nies have been lost to circulation in the group, and who had promised herself to

turned toward Mrs. Popham, and Mrs. Popham, facing her son and daughter, said with

simple pathos: "Children, your pa hasn't come!" "May be," said Posey, who delighted in excitements, "he's been run over!" It had happened to Posey herself a great many times barely to escape this catas-

has been detained by important business, no doubt." Lucy Gingham, who was hanging on the young man's arm, gave it ever so faint a squeeze by way of encouragement when he uttered these manly words.

"Nousense!" said William. "My father

Just then a servant came out of the botel and handed Mrs. Popham a dispatch. Here Willie, who began to have a vision of a headless family dependent on his hands, grew a little pale. Posey screamed. Mrs. Popnam, who generously shared both her sorrows and her joys with the household of which she became so conspicuous a member, remained where she had been standing and tore open the abominable yellow envelope, while the twenty-five people present held their breath as one man and waited. Mary Popham was white and her hands shook. She read the message over once or twice, nervously adjusting her glasses and holding the scrap of paper first near, then far. At last the color rushed back into her face in a flood.

"Pehaw!" she said, "it ain't anything! He got as far as Buck's Cove, and there he met an old friend who made him stop over. Buck's Cove is his native town, and he am't been there, land knows when. But

he's comin' on on Tuesday." To speak of the Pophams without more than casually alluding to Posey would be to singularly fail as a biographer of that family even for ever so short a period. Posey was "little-but, oh, my!" It has, we believe, been fairly well demonstrated already by famous examples from history that size has little or no connection with personal force.

Posey was a thin, wiry, white-faced little girl, with a line of small red freckles across her cheek bones and the bridge of her nose. Her bair was dragged mercilessly back from her forehead by a round rubber comb, and she frequently performed a part of her toilet by frequently pulling out this semiboop, fiercely raking in a stray lock or two, and then driving the rubber teeth into her head again with a velocity and force that threatened to lacerate her brows. She had a pair of gray eyes which were capable of boring like gimlets, and which produced uneasy sensations in guilty consciences. She was rather a dreadful little girl, but we may mention, to do her justice, that she subsequently developed into an altogether charming young woman, solaced the declining years of her parents. married most satisfactorily, and lived happily ever after. We feel in duty bound to say this much, because we are in duty bound to say more. Posey at the time of which we write possessed a horri-ble distinction. She was probably the most accomplished liar north of the equator. Some children fib-Posey lied. She em-broidered tales about the Popham mansion at Boonton, N. J., which would have done credit to the imagination of a Scheherazade. She fixed her gray little glance upon one's face, and composed by the yard with actual brilliancy.

waiter by his particular cognomen. She complained loudly of the table and demanded special preparations for herself. She summoned lemonades by the magic electric button in her bedroom to an extent that terrified her mamma when she settied the weekly account. She spent a good deal of time traveling up and down in the elevators. As for the stairs, she used them—that is to say the banisters -for sliding down upon. It seemed to her that that was what they were made for-a sort of gymnastic opportunity, thrown in by the landlord. Mrs. Popham was con-stantly wondering and then forgetting to wonder where Posey was. The other inmates of the hotel were continually won-dering where she was not.

l'osey took to hotel life as a duck takes to

water. She had not been two days in the North Side House before she could hail any

l'osey was ubiquitous. She knew everybody and everybody knew her. Her acquaintance with Miss Lucy Gingham, for instance, even antedated her mother's. Posey had met Lucy on the very evening of the Pophams arrival. The little girl was wavering about an upper stair landing, trying to decide whether it would be more fun to slide all the way to the office floor below, or to get the elevator man to take her ever so many times up and down his entire shaft as fast as he could go without stopping-when a young lady in a sea-green gown paused before her and patted her on the cheek. Posey hated to have her cheek patted, and she was about derived from its mustache. In short, although Willie Popham satisfied in a general way Plato's definition of a man, as tempting boxful. The little girl promptly tempting boxful. The little girl promptly took out a hardful at random, and then, being told that she might have just one more, she lingered and gloated over a plump pistache heart and a rose-colored lozenge without being able to renonnce either. Lncy Gingham invited her to come into her room and to make her choice at lessure. Posey accepted. "I'm very fond of little girls," said Miss Gingham.
"Are you?" said Posey.
"Yes. I love them dearly. Did you just

arrive to-night?" "Yes. With mamma and my brother Willie in a palace car."

"And how do you like Bar Harbor?"
"Not much. I like Boonton the best.

We've got a lovely house in Boonton. We have two elevators.'

"It must be a very big house." "I should say it was, it's enormous. My father's rich, I can tell you! Willie has two horses, papa has two, and so has mamma. I've got a doll with real gold earrings and real lace on her dress, but I didn't | them I'd just run over to get you and the bring her, because it was a bother. I think | children." Lucy had finished, or at least got well un- | I'll take the lozenge and I'd better be going now, but I'll come again often.'

"You're a dear little girl," said Lucy. "Thank you," said Posey, "good night." The next day Lucy Gingham rose early, with all the energy of a person who has found an object in life. As for what immediately followed we have already sufficiently described it.

The season at the North Side Hotel progressed after the manner of seasons. It had begun by being rather dull and unwith open wonder and forgot to close her | promising; it dragged on despairingly for a week or so; it suddenly blazed into brilliant success near the end, and then quickly drew to a close only too soon. The Pophams had arrived just before the brilliant boom. Perhaps their advent had even had much to do with drawing together and unitmind. But Mrs. Popham's mind is not of a | ing as a whole the bitherto somewhat aimless and disconnected North-side household. Nothing creates so intimate a feeling as a joint enjoyment of a joke. When people have laughed together, this at once establishes a little understanding which frequently leads to great results. Certain it is that the Pophams had not been two daye in the house before the hotel family began to organize itself and to settle, as if from the turn of a kaleidoscope, into varions groups and cliques. Then the little drama of the season began. Perhaps Willie Popham alone would have been a sufficiently important acquisition to insugnrate this notable change. Be assured that if there were those who laughed at his mamma and rehearsed the escapades of that enfant terrible, his little sister, William himself very soon ceased to be a joke. A young man who leads the german must of necessity be taken seriously. And William. "managed" by Lucy, had at last arrived at this leading role.

Three weeks had elapsed since the first occasion upon which the nonarrival of Popham senior had caused such universal disappointment - three long, eventful weeks, and yet the delinquent Popham came not. There had been no second gathering about the omnibus on that promised Tuesday-for Mrs. Popham had in the intervening days received postal communications annulling the arrangement made by telegram. Letters had followed fast after this. At first they offered plausible exturn, communicated it over a piece of case for tardiness and cheerfully fixed a future day. After this was worn threadbare, they simply announced that Popham would come along "soon." Mrs. Pophem lived in continual expectancy, but at last one afternoon, after having witnessed the arrival of an empty 'bus, she had cried: "A watched pot never boils!" and from this time on there began to be a change in her demeanor; one could have said that she had temporarily banished Popham from her

There was to be a great and famous hop in the hotel; not the first nor yet the secend hop, but that very particular hop at which the culmination of the season's glory is reached. Mrs. Popham, as the mother of the hero of this hop, occupied an done over for the occasion, and Lucy Gingham stitched the lace in the neck. It was a levely evening when the hop at last came off. The hotel, hung with Chinese lanterns, looked like fairy land; the whole thing was an unmistaxable success. ballroom, where she had been chaperoning | century since the United States began to

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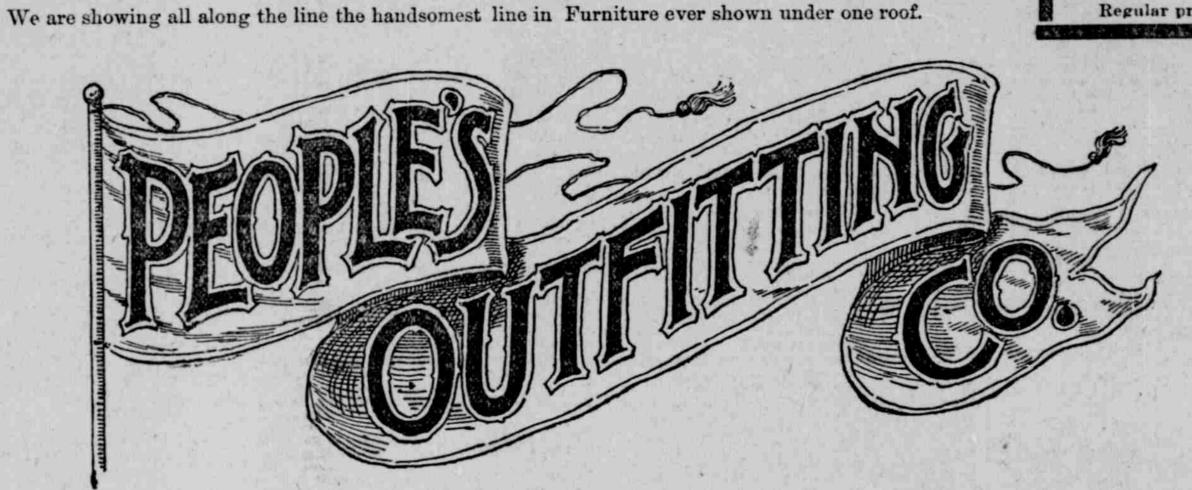
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out on the plazza to "cool off." A light buggy with two men had just driven up before the hotel door. Mary Popham stared into the dusk. One of the men got ont, and, with an "All right; good-bye!" to the other, ran up the steps.

"Tom Popham;"
"Hello, Mary! We drove over from Blue
Hill. Splendid drive!" and the delinquent invalid saluted his better half audibly.
"Why, you are as fat as butter!" said Mrs. P., pushing him away a little. "And, good gracious, you don't mean to say you've been wearing your best suit every day for common! Why, here's a patch!" "Yes. I burned a hole in it at the Pickering's clam-bake. Sarah Pickering just

sewed it up temporarily till you could get hold of it, Molly." "Is that the Sarah Pickering that you said sent you the valentine when you were "Well, you have got a memory! Yes, it's the same. But come in till I get something to eat. I'm awful hungry and I've got lots to tell you. Why, what's goin' on? You're

all fixed up! "Sh-sh-sh! It's Willie's party." and Mrs.
Popham smuggled her husband in by a side
door. He looked so well that she was ashamed of him, and remembering the daily solicitude of the "boarders" for his health, her face began to burn uncomfortably till its color matched his magnificent

sunburn. "I'll just get that waiter," she said, "to bring your supper up in the bedroom. Posey'll get him. She knows him." "Well," said Popham, after the middleaged pair had ascended stealthily to their own apartments. "I look well, do I? It's the Buck's Cove air. Why, Mary, Bar Harbor ain't a patch on Buck's Cove. And as for fun-clam bakes every day! How long will it take you to pack up? I told

had come in from an adjoining room to greet her parent.

But Mrs. Popham looked grave. "I don't know," she said. It suddenly seemed to her that the past weeks of "social opportunities" had carried her out into the world miles beyond simple Tom with his clam bakes. "I have an important communication to make to you. Thomas' -and she paused for effect. "I have reason to suppose that William is engaged." "What?" said Thomas Popham, drawing himself together.

"I have reason to suppose," repeated Mrs. P., that our son William is engaged.' The father of the family rose from his chair, he moved about the room overcome with emotion-an emotion which doubled him up and shook him all over. Finally his feelings found vent. "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" he screamed. "Ho! ho! ho! ho!" and Posey, who liked to laugh, too, contributed a high treble giggle. After five minutes of unrestrained bilarity, Popham was at last able to say:

"Don't be a fool, Mary; why, its only a year or so since you took Willie out of kilts. But I've got a splendid thing for him down at Buck's Cove, and I mean to make a man of him some of these days. Davis will take him into his store. That's the way I began. There's nothing like it." "Groceries!" cried Mrs. Popham.

"Yes, groceries on one side and dry goods on the other. There's millions in it! "Two days later Lucy Gingham stood on the hotel piazza waving her handkerchief to a 'busful of departing Pophams. Willie had promised to write, but Lucy, as we have mentioned before, was not a fool. The omnibus was no sooner out of sight than the young woman ascended to her room, and there began daintily to fasten some withered flowers, a No. 8 glove, and a wisp of drab hair upon one of the leaves of a stont sorap book in which there were very many other objects of a similar kind. When she had completed this labor, Lucy took her pen and wrote upon the page in the neatest and fairest of scrip: "Season of 1891, W. P.," and closed the volume with a bang.

-Helen Wollar, in New York Evening Post. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Daniel Lambert, the fattest man ever known, weighed 739 pounds. The greatest university is Oxford. It has twenty-one colleges and five halls.

The oldest violin in the world was found in an Egyptian tomb, dating about 3000, The first lightning conductor was invented, not by Franklin, but by an ob-

soure Bohemian monk in 1754. The great anæsthetic (chloroform) was discovered by Guthrie in 1881, and was first employed in surgical operations in Lilies are raised as a regular field crop in

the flermudas. In one of the largest fields over 100,000 may be seen in bloom at the It is estimated that 119,000,000 copper pen-

federate government is in possession of D. W. Hughes, of Mexico. Mo. It is for a breech plug for a cannon. Statistics compiled by the Trunk-line Association show that travel between New

York and Chicago has increased fully 50 per cent. during the past month. The Bank of Venice conducted its dealings for six hundred years with such honor that in all that time no hostile criticism or condemnation of its methods has been

The first bank in the United States was the Bank of North America, chartered by Congress in 1780, by the State of Pennsylvanua in the following year, with a capital

regularity as do the ocean tides. It is believed to have some mysterious connection with the sea. Some very ancient books are to be found in the sacred relics of Ceylon. They are formed of palm leaves, written upon with

At Baku, Russia, there is an immense oil

well that "ebbs and flows" with the same

a metal pen, and are bound merely by a silken string. Cinderella's real name, it seems, was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 670 years before the

common era and during the reign of Peammetious, one of the twelve kings of Egypt. The United States is the soberest and most temperate country in the world. The compact population of England and Wales has a public house for every 202 persons,

while the United States has one for every Pennsylvania has more timber than all the other north Atlantic States put together, seven times as much as New York, one-half more than Maine and more than any other of the Western States, short of those on the Pacific coast.

Eli Harvey, of Chadd's Ford, Pa., has a collection of relies of the battle of Brandy-"Oh, yes, do let's go," said Posey, who wine, and a letter on parchment signed by William Penn while he was yet in England in the year 1078, and directed to a meeting of Friends in that country.

The famous Khajah tunnel of India pierces the Khwaja Amran mountains about sixty miles north of lnetta at an elevation of 6,400 feet. It is 12,800 feet lone, and was constructed broad enough to carry a double line of rails.

The damming of the Mojave river at Victor, creating an artificial lake nine miles long, three miles wide and 130 feet in depth. water enough to irrigate 200,000 acres of desert land, 18 a project on foot in San Bernardino county, California, One of the few women who were privi-

leged to call Mr. Gladstone "William" died recently, near Liverpool, in her eightyseventh year. She was Mary Ann McKean, and for more than half a century she was in the service of the Gladstone family. If one hold his breath he is proof against

the sting of a bee. It is also said the bee may be held by the legs, and that he will try to sting, but will never succeed until the breath is expelled, and then be will accomplish his purpose with speed and cer-

B. C. 31, Augustus introduced the system of regular carriers throughout the Koman empire, mainly for the use of the government. Merchants and citizens were allowed, on the payment of large fees, to send business and friendly letters by the imperial messengers.

Spinning wheels are not altogether things of the past. Go into Cornwall or Wales, or to the Scotch Highlands and you will find plenty of cottages where the spinning wheel is as much a piece of useful household furniture as are the scrubbing brush and the kitchen broom.

Baron Stumm Halberg has nine or ten thousand men employed in his iron works on the Rhine, and gives them the kindliest care. He will not permit one of his workmen to marry without his consent, for example, because, as he says, "they would often make fools of themselves" if he did.

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. Cheaper.

Detroit Tribune, Husband-I think I shall go out and catch a few fish for our dinner to-morrow. Wife-No, Edwin, we must economize. Buy them of the regular dealer.

A Boarding-House Bed. New York Weekly.

New Boarder-I didn't sleep well last Mrs. Slimdiet-Strange bed, I presume. New Boarder-Yes, strangest bed I ever slept in.

In Great Demand.

Lawyer-Do you know where that sign of mine is-"Back in Ten Minutes?" Boy-Yes, sir; the lawyer next door borrowed it a few minutes ago. He said he was going to the ball game.

Household Economy. Chicago Tribune

week! Suffering Job, Maria, do you think I'm made of money? Mrs. Billus-Don't agitate yourself, John; you'll shake that twenty-five-dollar meerschaum out of your pocket.

He Was Mad.

Bliffers-Can't you run that type-writing machine without making such a terrible racket

New York Weekly.

Whiffers (who has a desk in the same office)-Not when I'm writing to a man who called me a fool. A Bld for Liberty. Warden-We usually put people here at

Work in their own special line if we can. What were you before you were sent up? Prisoner-A mason. Warden-Stonemason! Prisoner-No. Freemason.

An Old Master. "I saw a painting by an old master to-day, in New York," said Mrs. Spriggins. 'What was his name?" asked Spriggins.

sure it was Remnant. He was one of the last of the great painters, I believe." A Proud Record.

Good News. School Boy (proudly)-I haven't missed school one day this term, an' I haven't been Mother-That's splendid; but what are all these black marks in your report? School Boy-Them's only for missin' les-

The Only Safety.

New York Weekly. Housekeeper-I don't see why a big, able-bodied man like you should be begging for Tramp-To tell yeh th' truth, mum, folks is becomin' so hard-hearted that a gent has got ter be big an' able-bodied to beg without gettin' hurt.

A Weather Test.

Pick-Me-Up. Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck hand)-Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor! Deck Hand-Take a word from an old salt, mum; the weather's never very bad while there's any feemales on deck a-makin

henquirtes about it. Where the Saying Was Faulty.

"That's a perfectly true saying, isn't it, that the most interesting things in the world to men and women, are men and "Not at all; it is quite the reverse. The most interesting things in the world to men and women, are women and men."

Great Success. Treetop-Our debatin' society has been all winter argyin' the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

Hayrick-What'd they decide! Treetop-'Taint decided yet; but them meetin's has growed a bigger crop of engagements 'n any singin' school we ever

An lograte. The Club.

New York Weekly.

of these for \$2.50, mum,

Jack Ford-Did you see that girl cut me Frank Wilcox-I noticed she didn't bow. Jack Ford-And yet I saved her life! Frank Wilcox-How? Jack Ford-We were engaged, and finally she said she'd rather die than marry me,

so I let her off. Stretching Truth Too Far.

Lady-What cute little dogs! What do you charge for them? Peddler-These dogs, mum, is the-erthe Alaska spaniel, mum. All the ladies of Alaska has bad these dogs for pets for centuries, mum. Such dogs as these is worth \$50 apiece, mum. Lady-Humph! I've read a good deal about Alaska, and have formed the opinion that ladies are rather scarce in that region. Peddler (hastily)-Yes, mum, that's what's the matter. Ladies has got so

IT WAS HER ANNIVERSARY,

scarce there that there is more does than

they want. That's why I can sell you one

But He Had Careles ly Forgotten All About New York Tribune. Some drammers were diverting themselves in a smoking car by repeating epi-

sodes of so-called "cheek." All but one had related an instance. When he was called upon he dreamly said: "I don't remember anything worth telling; in fact, my wife has completely dazed my memory of matters of that kind by a fine sample of her own stock. You see, when I got back from my latest trip I went home at something after 9 o'clock in

basement; carriages were leaving the door and affairs seemed to be going inside on a grand scale. I let myself into the basement with a latch key and walked into the dining room. Strains of music came from the back part of the hall and the mingled laughter and conversation in-

dicated a host of guests. "Presently my wife came into the dining room dressed like a princess; she ran up to "'Oh, Jack! I'm so glad you've come

"'So'm I,' said I; 'what's the racket-surprise party?'

"Surprise party?' said she with a pout; 'no, indeed, it's the anniversary of my wed-"'Tilda,' said I, 'you're off; you're way off! This is the month of March-it was in summer when we were married.' "She serenely replied: 'I know that very

well; this is the anniversary of my first marriage. Go put on your dress suit, dear."

Strong-Minded.

"You say he is a very strong-minded "Let me see-Remnant, I think. Yes, I'm mant" "How did you know!"

"He never tried to write a dialect story."

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TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS:
*Daily. † Daily, except Sunday. FROM INDIANAPOLIS TO Columbus, Ind. and Louisville. *3.55 am *12.15 an

Philadelphia and New York.... *5.00 am Baltimore and Washington... *5.00 am Dayton and Springield...... 5.00 am Richmond and Columbus, O.... 18.00 am Marti sville and Vincennes... *8.00 am Madison and Louis ille...... \$8.05 am Columbus, Ind., and Louisville. *4.00 pm *11.40 am Logansport and Chicago...... *4.00 pm *9.40 pm Columbus, Ind., and Madison... 14.30 pm †10.30 am Martineville and Vincennes... 14.40 pm †10.15 am

Logansport and Chicago *12.30 am *3.45 am VANDA TALENTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST.

From Indianapolis Union Station. Trains leave for St. Louis 7:30 am., 11:50 am., 1:00 pm., 11:00 pm. Trains connect at Terre Haute for E. & T. H. points. Evansville sleeper on 11:0 . p. m. train. Trains arrive from St. Louis 3:30 am., 4:50

am., 2:50 pm., 5:20 pm., 7:45 pm. Terre Haute and Greencastle accommodation arrives at 10:00 am., and leaves at 4:00 pm. Mr. Billus (looking over the grocer's bill) | the evening. Well, there was my sleeping and Parlor Cars are run on through the con- | Willie, and a little blown with her efforts | coin money.

Mr. Billus (looking over the grocer's bill) | the evening. Well, there was my sleeping and Parlor Cars are run on through the con- | Four dollars' worth of strawberries in one | house lighted up from top story to trains. Dining Caron trains. Dining Caron trains. Dining Caron trains.